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her dusky warrior-lover stand upon the brink, and in low, wailing voices chant their death dirge ere they go afar to dwell together in the Great Spirit hunting grounds.

And thus runs the legend of the "Starved Rock."\*  
Contributed by Garland C. Broadhead.

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\*This account is entirely different from the Starved Rock legend as usually told.

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### THE LAST OF THE ILLINOIS.

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By Comly Jessup.

(A legend of Starved Rock; from the Genius of the West, Jan., 1854.  
Contributed by J. O. Cunningham.)

Nine times the sun had risen and set  
Upon that little fading band;  
Nine weary days they sat and gazed  
Out on their own beloved land;  
And from the warriors' weary eyes,  
Slow faded forest, plain and skies,  
'Neath famine sank they one by one,  
Till there their chieftain stood alone!

High on that beetling crag he stood;  
Around in death his brethren slept;  
He looked upon the silvery flood,  
That on in peaceful quiet swept.  
Kissed by the last faint blush of even—  
A mirror of the calm, clear heaven,  
And with the breeze that wandered by,  
He thus communed in reverie:—

“Ye forest shades that once were mine,  
 Now all your ancient glory’s fled;  
 I see the foeman’s campfires shine.

The fitful brilliancy they shed  
 Is flickering on the rippling wave,  
 As meteors glance above the grave;  
 And lights the path where strangers tread,  
 Unharmed above the mighty dead.

“But where are now my kinsmen’s tomb?  
 The last that knows their place of rest  
 Stands on the darkening verge of doom,  
 While heavily through his weary breast,  
 Life’s current steals with sullen flow,  
 A tide of hatred, shame and woe,  
 And burns along each fevered vein  
 For wrongs his bow could not restrain.

“The valleys of the Illinois  
 Must now by hostile feet be pressed,  
 Their waters bear the light canoe  
 Of strangers on their quiet breast.  
 The wooded depths will not prolong  
 In echo now their wonted song;  
 For faded soon will be each trace  
 Of Illinois’ ill fated race.

“By base usurpers rudely driven  
 From fathers’ homes and fathers’ graves,  
 Unseen of earth, unheard of heaven,  
 They perished with no arm to save;  
 But think not, ruthless, heartless foe,  
 To pass unscathed and free, ah, no!  
 Dark vengeance yet shall on you fall,  
 And mix a burning draft of gall!

*"The tempest bolt shall blast your hopes,  
The summer drought shall wither you;  
Before disease, like forest oaks  
Storm-riven, shall your strong one bow;  
Your wives shall feed the carrion crow,  
And famine lay your warriors low.  
Your little ones be captive driven,  
Despised on earth, accursed of heaven!"*

His frenzied eye rolled dark and wild,  
Around upon his fallen ones;  
Above the thousand star-lamps smiled;  
To him they seemed to whisper, "Come!"  
One moment in the shadowy air  
A dark form hung—a plunge—and there,  
Last of his race, he slept in death,  
The dark and silent waves beneath!

—From the Genius of the West, Jan. 1854.